melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head 'tis
pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

Nest. What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliss. *Achillis* hath inuegled his foole from him,

Nest. Who *Therſites?* *Vlis.* He.

Nest. Thē wil *Aiax* lack matter, if he haue loſt his argumēt.

Vli. No you ſee he is his argument, that has his argument *Achilles.*

Nest. All the better, their fractiō is more our wiſh then their faction, but it was a ſtrōg compoſure a foole could diſunite:

Vli. The amity that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily vnty,
Heere comes *Patroclus.* *Nest.* No *Achilles* with him.

Vliss. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for courteſie,
His legs are legs for neceſſity, not for flexure.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me ſay he is much ſorry,
If any thing more then your ſport and pleaſure
Did mooue your greatneſſe, and this noble ſtate,
To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other
But for your health, and your diſgeſtion ſake,
An after dinners breath.

Agam. Heere you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers,
But his euaſion winged thus ſwift with ſcorne,
Cannot out-flie our apprehenſions,
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him, Yet all his vertues,
Not vertuouſly on his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſſe,
Yea, like faire fruite in an vnholſome diſh,
Are like to rott vntaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeake with him, and you ſhall not ſinne,
If you do ſay, we thinke him ouer-proud
And vnder-honeſt, in ſelfe-aſſumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himſelfe
Heere tend the ſauage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on,
Diſguiſe, the holy ſtrength of their commaund,
And vnder-write in an obſeruing kinde,
His humorous predominance: yea watch